Obsessions

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by captaineifersucht

Summary

Will Graham is just a stripper who has feelings for Hannibal Lecter, the wealthy doctor that buys him for the night every Wednesday. He realizes that this situation won't work for either of them. It has to end.

Reading *Crave You* first is not mandatory, but helpful!

Notes

So you wanted more--here it is. It's not exactly happy, but I tried!

Also I apologize in advance for the excessive retrospecting in Will's head~

See the end of the work for more notes

”We've got obsessions
I want to wipe out all the sad ideas that come to me when I am holding you
We've got obsessions
All you ever think about are sick ideas involving me, involving you”
--Obsessions, Marina & the Diamonds

This is the last time.

The thoughts came unbidden to Will’s mind every Wednesday night.

Mid-week, he frequently considered quitting his job at the club. Will had other skills, he would find employment elsewhere. Maybe he’d move somewhere warmer, by the water. He’d grown up around boats and watched his dad fix them. Will could implement those facts that he’d retained, start a new life for himself.

Strippers didn’t need to put in two week notices, and the money was saving had increased exponentially. Will’s bank account could handle moving again. He could just leave, pack up and go. He should.

When he stepped down from the stage and sauntered to the back corner, the thought came again. Louder, more frantic.

This is the last time.

His legs moved by muscle memory as Will receded into his mind. He’d spent the better part of the last six months catering to Hannibal Lecter every Wednesday evening. The way that Will walked was just one of the concessions that he had made for the older man. It was seductive, slow, but pointed. Only for Hannibal, despite the heads that turned his way.

On Wednesday nights, Will’s shifts ended early. He had put in the request five months ago. Shortly after his time spent on the large platform, Will would leave in a Bentley. His left leg would jump nervously, eyes cast downward as cool air blew over his skin.

Hannibal never said a word until they were in the bedroom. He would strip Will, leaving him in the skimpy underwear that had adorned his body for the night. In the car, Will’s stomach flipped at the memory of Hannibal’s eyes--full of desire, anger, and hunger.

He hated himself for not asking Wednesday nights off entirely. He hated that Hannibal would find out his schedule even if he did. He hated the way that his entire body ached Thursday, bruises littering his skin and a deep ache in his pelvis, parallel to the feeling in his heart.

Will hated himself most because he still looked in that corner as his body slid down the pole. He watched for approval, the inevitable upward quirk of Hannibal’s lips. When Will could see the glint of white--*sharp*, his brain supplied--teeth, he would wet his lips and cant his hips upwards.

“ You don’t have to go with him,” Matthew had murmured one night, three months in, as he got Hannibal’s customary scotch before going on the stage. “ I’m sure Jack would get you out of any trouble this guy might cause.”

Matthew always looked at his body pointedly when Will put on concealer before heading out. The bite marks and bruises from fingers and hands weren’t what customers paid to see. They wanted flawless, hairless skin that undulated under blue light.

It was easy for Will to smile at Matthew, shake his head as if his coworker was being ridiculous. Hannibal paid him really well, “ He’s a doctor, remember?”, and Will was an adult. He could make his own decisions, he could walk away when this became too much.

When he started to take Thursdays off for recovery, doubt had crept into Will’s mind. The uncertainty was a slow spreading disease, curling around his vocal cords, enveloping his muscles. He didn’t want to stop this. Hannibal *wanted* him.

The night that Hannibal asked him to start staying till morning, Will’s heart began beating frantically, attempting to escape his chest and fall into the doctor’s hands.

It had been over half of a year, and Will was still accepting almost a thousand dollars to sleep with a lonely, possessive doctor on Wednesday nights. He would take the punishment doled out to him, allow the man to claim him with cock, teeth, and nails, and then Hannibal would sleep while Will laid awake in the too large bed. In the morning, Hannibal would give him coffee, bandage anything bleeding, and act remorseful for his animalistic behavior. Sometimes they ate together, the silence ringing in Will’s ears.

Hannibal would drop him off at the club, and Will would drive home. He would shower, violently scrubbing at his skin. Will would sleep, trying to get the images out of his head.

The violence that Will experienced in the immaculate bedroom of Hannibal Lecter was passionate. Will could feel it in the thrusts, hear it in the strangled, labored breathing. Once, he had felt some liquid dropping along the line of his spine; tears hastily brushed away by their creator.

Will was a stripper, and Hannibal wanted him to be anything but. Hannibal wanted to own Will, possess him. How could he do that when others hands roamed Will’s body almost nightly?

By asserting his claim.

“ This is the last time,” Will finally said. The words slipped from his lips as they stopped at a red light. Hannibal didn’t look at him.

The light turned green, and they kept driving towards Hannibal’s home.

Hannibal sat in the armchair, just as he had on that first night. Will remembered how his ass was bruised for nearly three days afterwards. He remembered the uncomfortable drive back

to the office back in the Bentley, jacket pulled close around his torso as if it could keep his emotions from leaking out.

“ A dance,” Hannibal murmured, gesturing to his spread legs. Hannibal’s voice was strained, and maybe, Will thought, that he was addicted to how he could rend emotion from the stoic man before him.

It had taken him months to get Hannibal to even look at his body in the club. When Hannibal had finally looked at Will, touched him, it became clear that all of their encounters were physical expressions of the doctor’s jealousy. Will had tried to shut it out for the first month or so. He disassociated, tuning out the sounds of skin slapping against skin, the derogatory terms that the older man slung at him. All he felt was Hannibal’s desire to *possess* him. The need to claim was so strong within the other man, Will was surprised that he always wore a condom.

Will never spoke to Hannibal when they fucked. The appropriate noises left his lips when prompted by physical cues. As the months went by, some involuntary ones made their way out as well. He allowed Hannibal’s words to wash over him in waves, shameful and humiliating. They never looked at one another. Will’s face was always on the bed, eyes blankly staring at the pillows. Hannibal never attempted to take him any other way. He was most powerful in this position--one hand clenching Will’s left hip for leverage, the other on the back of his neck. A warning.

Hannibal’s fingers were drumming against the wooden arm of the chair, bringing Will back to the moment at hand. Will moved towards the doctor in rehearsed steps. His body was lithe, smooth, and the concealer had been washed from his skin. Hannibal enjoyed seeing the remnants of the previous week’s work. If the marks were still there, Will was still his. As his shirt was removed, yellowing bruises were revealed.

Last week, Hannibal had lined his torso with clothespins. Up each side of his abdomen, around his nipples, on the tender skin of his armpits and sensitive underarms. A line of string had been threaded through the head of each clip, leverage to pull the pins off at once. They hadn’t all come free with the single tug,and the others were released individually. The blood had rushed back into Will’s abused skin painfully and he cried.

In this moment, Hannibal’s fingers passed over the fading color lovingly. Will halted in his gyrations upon the man’s lap. Hannibal normally would not touch with such care, even afterwards. Two fingers pinched his ass--Will continued.

“ You’re beautiful.”

Will didn’t stop this time. He turned, stood, and began to grind back onto Hannibal’s lap. He buried his hands into his own hair, trailing them down to his pants. The loose fitting jeans came off much easier than some of his other garments. He was grateful. The sooner this was over, the better. Will couldn’t handle Hannibal saying such things--the reverence in his voice was palpable.

The first night that Hannibal asked him to stay the night, Will laid his head upon the broad chest reluctantly. Coarse curls brushed against his face, and his exhales were shaky. He didn’t

dare sleep. Will couldn't prevent his imagination from running rampant. He thought of breakfast in the kitchen that he'd caught a glimpse of. He thought of being comfortable in these arms, this bed. He thought of a new life, with a different job, a different past. One where the hand that rested upon his shoulder didn't feel possessive, but protective.

Weeks turned into months and it became easier for Will to be a warm body. He knew in his heart, the outcome of this arrangement. There was no use in daydreaming, it only made his job harder. So Will tucked away his silly dreams, deep down where they couldn't produce false hope.

Long forgotten fantasies rushed into Will's mind, a dam released with two words and a brush of fingertips. He nearly choked on them.

Instead, Will tripped over the hem of his jeans as he attempted to step out of them. Hannibal caught him by the waist, deft fingers stabilizing him. Will didn't dare look back, merely pushing his ass back into the hands that rested upon the black underwear that he'd worn for his shift.

On a normal night, Will would be face down in the bed by now. Hannibal typically pulled Will's underwear to his ankles, restricting how far he could spread his legs. He wasn't unkind in his preparation of Will's body, but it was never easy to adjust after being submerged in pain.

A month ago, after caning Will, Hannibal sat beside him on the bed for nearly half an hour, stroking his sides. Will felt like an over-worked horse. His body was twitching, face buried into the duvet, and fingers cramped from squeezing the fabric tightly. Will almost thought that they weren't going to fuck. They did, but it wasn't the feverish, primal action of their usual nights together. Will thought that maybe Hannibal was having a bad day.

Now, he couldn't deceive himself. Hannibal didn't want this to be the last time, but it was. Maybe the other man was regretting how they'd spent the last six months together. Will was half-tempted to ask if the doctor would've changed anything that happened between them.

Will was truly caught off guard when Hannibal stood, and turned him. They didn't differ in height by much, but Will always felt small around the jealous man. Hannibal placed two fingers below Will's chin and tilted his face up, bringing their lips together.

A demanding tongue slid into Will's mouth, exploring while their lips massaged together. Another large hand came to cup his jaw, but Will pulled away, gasping and shaking his head. " I don't kiss clientele. No kissing."

He couldn't stop shaking his head, gaze on the ground. Hannibals fingers came back to his face, but Will swatted them away. He defiantly made eye contact, trying to look stern. Inside, he was slowly losing his resolve. *This is the last time.* What was the harm? " Lecter, I mean it! No--"

" Am I really clientele, Will?" Hannibal's eyes were glossed with a mixture of admiration and heartbreak.

The words punched Will in the gut. “ Yeah! You fucking pay me,” he snapped quickly, realizing how stupid it sounded. That wasn’t what Hannibal was asking. “ You pay me, Hannibal. I’m a stripper. This is a service.”

Will didn’t want this to be a service. Despite the relentless fucking, the beatings, and the slurs, Will still held some desire for Hannibal. He’d never truly gotten to experience what he wanted with the doctor. Sex, not fucking. Mutual enjoyment, not pleasure for a single body.

“ When will you stop pretending, Will? You would have never let this continue if you did not want to belong to me.” Hannibal closed the gap that Will had placed between their bodies. A hand went to Will’s left side, thumbing at the hem of his underwear. When their lips met again, Will let it happen. He kissed back. It had been a long time since he’d made out with anyone, but his hands found comfortable spots around Hannibal’s neck.

He didn’t make any motion to remove Hannibal’s clothing as they stumbled back onto the bed. Will wrapped his legs around the other man’s waist, enjoying the fact that he wasn’t automatically flipped onto hands and knees. The kisses were slow and Hannibal was circling his hips into Will’s pelvis with a calculated pressure. Everything was gentler than the usual ferocity. It was meant to be savored.

When their lips parted, Hannibal stepped back and began to undo the buttons on his shirt. Will’s pupils were blown with lust at the toned body that was revealed to him. Hannibal slept naked, but the lights were always dimmed by the time that he slid out of his clothes. Will wasn’t sure whether he was meant to be seeing this, and began to flip over into his typical position. A large hand caught his hip, bringing it back down onto the bed with careful force.

“ I want to watch you.” Hannibal’s voice was thick with desire, his accent dropping into an impossibly lower timbre. Will was momentarily terrified--he’d forgotten about whatever creative punishment he would be served this week.

The pain never came. Hannibal didn’t leave his place between Will’s spread thighs. Will was aghast. He began to open his mouth, to tell Hannibal that it would cost less without the corporal punishment, but closed his lips.

This was never about the money. For Hannibal, the cost wasn’t even a dent in his wallet. It was a check written at the end of a session, a transaction that had no effect on his life. For Will, it was a part of a contract--something he used for safety.

Hannibal was completely naked, their skin met and Will thought that he was even smiling. This sensation is what he’d been waiting for. Devotion that wasn’t felt with pain, but pleasure. When two fingers pushed inside, Will moaned, and the sound wasn’t to keep face.

Without his senses warring for attention, Will could focus solely on the pleasure being given to him. Hannibal’s fingers were skilled. His kisses were warm and wet on Will’s neck, teeth giving possessive nips on thin skin. In a different light, the touches from Hannibal didn’t hurt at all. They felt good. Will was pushing his hips back, giving as he was getting. He could feel the older man’s eyes on his face, roaming down his chest to where his cock was half-hard, and then back up to parted lips.

“ You’re beautiful,” Hannibal said again, but it was more of a whisper. The words were sincere, and they were painful. Will imagined a new backstory for them. One where this was their every night, where Will’s profession didn’t cause profound jealousy in Hannibal. In Will’s head, this night was no different from any other.

Hannibal had three fingers inside of him now, carving pleasure from his body with an easy, practiced grace. Will was whining, his hands white knuckled from fisting the sheets. “ Please, please fuck me, Hannibal.”

“ Yeah,” the doctor agreed, pulling his hand away. Hannibal’s eyes were wide, voice shaking. He clearly hadn’t been prepared for the eagerness. “ Yeah, okay.”

Will shuddered when he felt the man’s tip at his entrance. In the past, his vision would cloud by now, leaving only a sea of high thread count sheets in shades of blue. Now, he watched as Hannibal’s hair had become slowly dishevelled. He looked between his legs, at the other man’s rubber-covered cock. No wonder he’d been so sore in the past--it was thick. Will looked back up at the sharp cheekbones that had first caught his attention. In the lit bedroom, Hannibal’s face appeared cut from marble. The doctor’s lips were parted, eyes closed, and the softest groan made its way from his mouth. Will’s cock jerked at the sound, the accompanying image.

His erection began to flag as Hannibal relentlessly pushed inside. The action was done with care, but the pressure, the burn, was too much too fast. Will was panting, grappling at Hannibal’s back as his body attempted to adjust. He had never been mentally present for this part. Tears welled in his eyes, and Hannibal stopped abruptly, leaning down to kiss the liquid that spilled over onto his cheeks.

“ What’s wrong, Will? I...I can stop.” Hannibal sounded frightened that Will didn’t want this for the same reasons as him. He was afraid the feelings weren’t mutual.

Will barked out a short, breathless laugh. “ I just... I always zone out. You’re fucking huge, Hannibal. Christ, that’s a cock you’ve got there.”

With his ego patched, Hannibal smirked. It was a sight that Will had never seen on the older man before. He thought it was quite endearing, seeing the crinkles around darkened eyes. The sentimental considerations didn’t last long; Hannibal gave a final push and bottomed out inside of Will.

The young man sank his nails into the flesh they fell upon. He gasped, mouth, eyes, and hole wide open for Hannibal. “ Jesus, fuck. Hannibal, fuck. God damn, you’re just….” Will was at a loss for words. Months of not speaking during their trysts had taken a toll on him. The dam had been cracked earlier, and now the foundations crumbled. “ I need you to fuck me. Right now, please. I need you to move, Hannibal.”

Hannibal was staring at Will, trying his best not to lose the last iota of control he managed to retain throughout the evening. Will was begging for Hannibal to *take* him, and the older man was in awe. It had been enough to hear the whimpering, watch him push back on the length of Hannibal’s cock. Will could see right through Hannibal, could feel the adoration in his gaze. He could feel something more--a long forgotten emotion that resided in the pit of his

own stomach. It was a feeling that he didn't want to think about. But the longer Hannibal just stared down at him, cock fully sheathed inside of Will's body, the easier it was for his mind to wander. They were...connected.

Will's voice was all frustration when he finally worked up the nerve to speak again. " Hannibal! Fuck me!"

Hannibal obliged him, pulling out nearly all the way before thrusting in again. For a long while, the actions were languid. Hannibal fucked Will with the entirety of his length, the sound of their skin smacking punctuated by Will's breathy, almost feminine moans. Noises left from high up in his throat, finding their way out with each exhale. Hannibal's pace picked up, his thrusts becoming shallow and desperate. One hand was beside Will's head for support and the other trailed to his erection. Will was unfamiliar with the calloused hands on his cock, but he pushed his head farther back into the mattress at first contact. His back arched, and Will tried desperately to thrust both into the hand and back onto Hannibal's cock, but the attempt was futile.

Will's moans were undulating, punctuated by his diaphragm spasming with each hard thrust. He didn't know what to do with his body; this pleasure was unfamiliar. It had been absent from his life for quite a time. His relationships had been brief--who wanted to date a stripper?

What Will lacked in initiative, Hannibal more than made up for. The man was creating waves of pleasure with his hand, tsunamis with his cock. It took Will an embarrassingly short amount of time before he was on the precipice of orgasm. " Hanni, *fuck*." His attempted declaration was cut short by a particularly rough movement on his prostate. " 'M gonna cum, okay?"

Hannibal smiled. It wasn't the predator's look, as it had been in months past. This was a smile that reached the eyes, genuine with pride.

" Yeah," the doctor agreed, nuzzling into Will's neck, licking a thick stripe of saliva up his carotid. " Go on."

He bit down.

Will came.

The sensation that moved through Will was atypical. He thought of female orgasms, how they were supposed to touch every inch of skin, make you shiver and shake with the feeling. That's what he felt. Waves of pleasure lapped up his hips, torso, down his thighs and calves, all the way to his fingers and toes. Will was briefly unaware of any other sense. Was he crying?

When the post-orgasmic haze cleared from his mind, Will felt Hannibal moving from atop him. He heard the condom drop into the trash, and then dared to open his eyes. The room was still the same, except for the smell of sex. They were still the same people. This wasn't going to work.

That was the last time.

Will almost wanted to cry, as he had the first night. Hannibal truly did worship Will. He had wanted him in a way that no other man had. His passion was that of fables. Will was positive that the older man would keep him safe from harm, could provide for him, and make him happy. When he glanced up at Hannibal, re-entering the bedroom with a wet washcloth, the other man seemed to be thinking the same thing. A proposal was on his lips.

“ We won’t fit, Hannibal.”

The mouth closed, jaw set. Hannibal began to clean Will with gentle, tender strokes of the flannel. When the doctor spoke again, his words were so soft that Will almost missed them. “ I can be reshaped.”

“ It’s not you, it’s me,” Will got out through gritted teeth, all cliches. “ I’m a stripper, you’re a doctor. This isn’t a movie. You don’t know the first thing about me.”

Hannibal looked up at him, pain swimming in his eyes. “ You have too many dogs, because you relate to them better than people. You’re good at your job because you know what men want from you. You’re from the South. You make more than enough money but don’t treat yourself well because you grew up poor. You’re good with your hands, a mechanic of sorts. You’re the most beautiful human being I have ever met. You deserve better than people grappling for your body alone, when you have so much more to offer.”

It was more than Will had ever heard out of Hannibal’s mouth. The shock at the implications of Hannibal’s words overrode his fear of how Hannibal had gotten all of that information. Will shook his head, trying to blink back the tears, wishing they wouldn’t track down his cheeks. “ I’m leaving Maryland. I’m moving away, I can’t do this anymore. You’re my last, okay? Isn’t that enough?”

“ No. It’s not,” Hannibal whispered. He traced a hand over the line of Will’s jaw before the young man jumped up from the bed. He began to dress again, hands shaking. Will could see the doctor moving towards his dresser, producing a checkbook, out of the corner of his eyes.

With a herculean effort, Will moved towards Hannibal. He stayed the large hand with his smaller fingers. “ Not this time.”

Once fully dressed, Hannibal led him downstairs. Will insisted on hailing a cab. He couldn’t be with Hannibal for one more second, lest he second guess himself.

“ Why?”

The question didn’t need explanation. Why do this free of charge, as a consensual act of lovers? Hannibal was clearly hurt. Will thought, maybe for a moment, that the man had misinterpreted the first sentence that Will had uttered that evening. Maybe Hannibal thought this had been a new chapter for them.

Will stood in the doorway, and rain came down. Perhaps this wasn’t the epilogue to a fairy-tale gone wrong, but a prologue to a different story. Sure it would be full of struggle, but Will considered again Hannibal’s devotion to him.

“ You’re not clientele, Hannibal.”

End Notes

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